

CAPTAIN STONE

Comics



INVESTIGATING A SUNKEN WRECK 60 MILES OFF THE CHINA SHORE, CAPTAIN STONE, MARINE INVESTIGATOR, WORKS IN 400 FEET OF WATER. WITH HELIUM IN HIS SUIT INSTEAD OF AIR HE IS ABLE TO DESCEND TO 400 FEET INSTEAD OF THE USUAL 150

No. 10

10¢



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

CAPTAIN STONE

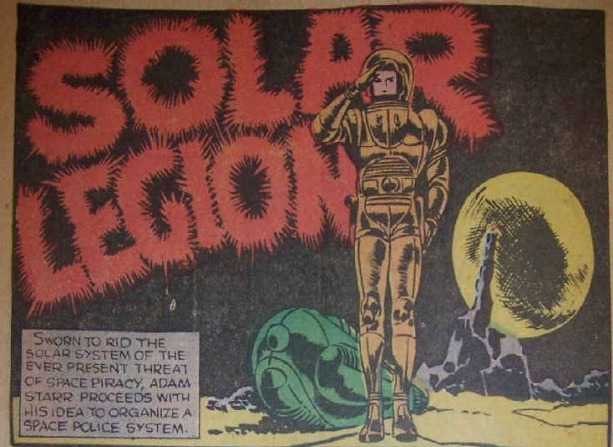
Comics

10¢


GOEH THAT SHARK
ALMOST TOOK OFF MY LEG!

INVESTIGATING A SUNKEN WRECK 60 MILES OFF THE
CHINA SHORE, CAPTAIN STONE MARINE INVESTIGATOR
WORKS IN 400 FEET OF WATER. WITH HELIUM IN HIS
SUIT INSTEAD OF AIR HE IS ABLE TO DESCEND
TO 400 FEET INSTEAD OF THE USUAL 150


No. 10



SWORN TO RID THE SOLAR SYSTEM OF THE EVER PRESENT THREAT OF SPACE PIRACY, ADAM STARR PROCEEDS WITH HIS IDEA TO ORGANIZE A SPACE POLICE SYSTEM.




SORRY TO CUT IN ON YOUR PRIVATE WAVE ADMIRAL, BUT I MUST SPEAK TO YOU



THAT'S FINE, ADMIRAL! I'M STARTING A SYSTEMATIC CLEANUP OF PIRATES RIGHT NOW! I MUST HAVE A CRUISER AND A CREW. I'M GOING TO VENUS!

GRANTED



ADAM STARR! MY BOY WE'VE BEEN TRYING TO LOCATE YOUR BASE FOR WEEKS. THE COUNCIL HAS APPROVED YOUR SOLAR LEGION PLAN



THE FLASHING ROCKET
BECOMES A SUBJECT OF
INTEREST TO SOME VERY
KEEN OBSERVERS OF ITS
FLIGHT-----ARTHAK, THE
SPACE PIRATE AND HIS
VENUSIAN FISH-MEN!

ADAM STARR AND
TWO OFFICERS SET
OUT ON FOOT TO
LOCATE THE
PIRATE
BASE----



THEY FIND THE
SWAMP AREA
IS NO PICNIC
GROUND



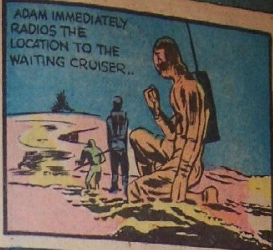
AFTER MILES OF
SLOGGING THROUGH
THE VENUSIAN MUD,
ADAM CALLS A HALT

THERE'S
ARTHAK'S
HIDDEN AIR
BASE, WE'VE
FOUND
IT!





THEY FIND
ARTHAK'S AIR BASE



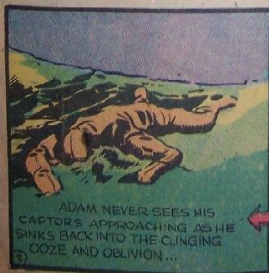
ADAM IMMEDIATELY
RADIOS THE
LOCATION TO THE
WAITING CRUISER...



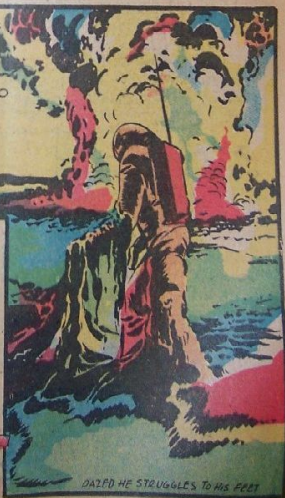
A SEARING BLAST
OF A HEAT RAY
ENVELOPES THE SCOUTING
PARTY IN A
SEETHING HELL!



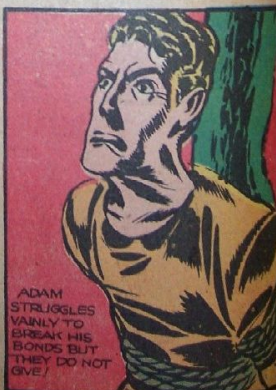
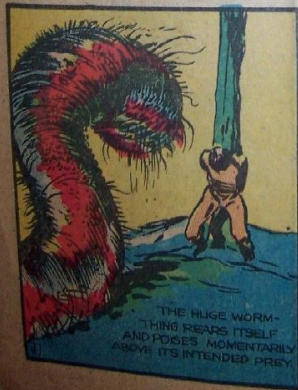
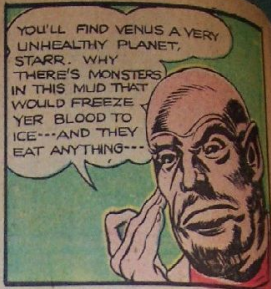
ADAM IS CATAPULTED OUT OF
DANGER BY THE VIOLENCE OF
THE EXPLOSION BUT HIS TWO
FRIENDS PERISH IN THE BOILING
INFERNO. MEANWHILE ARTHAK'S
MUD TANK RUMBLES INTO
VIEW...



ADAM NEVER SEES HIS
CAPTORS APPROACHING AS HE
SINKS BACK INTO THE CLINGING
OOZE AND OBLIVION...



DAZED HE STRUGGLES TO HIS FEET





A HEAT
BEAM
SUDDENLY
STABS ACROSS
ADAM'S VISION
BLASTING THE
MONSTROUS WORM
TO BITS //



THAT WAS A JOB WELL
DONE, STARR. ALL
EARTH RINGS
WITH PRAISE OF
YOU AND
YOUR MEN.



WE'RE JUST
BEGINNING, SIR!
NOW THAT THE VENUS
UNIT IS ORGANIZED
THE SOLAR LEGION IS
READY TO RID MARS OF
ITS VERMIN!



SECRET AGENT Z-2

by Douglas

Z-2, GOVERNMENT OPERATIVE EXTRAORDINARY IS ASSIGNED TO A CASE THAT IS CAUSING THE GOVERNMENT A GOOD DEAL OF EMBARRASSMENT



NEWS ITEM

GEM THIEF GANG MAKES ANOTHER BIG HAUL IN CHICAGO'S SWANKIEST NIGHT CLUB. THEY OPERATE AMONG THE FASHIONABLE SET AND THEY SEEM TO HAVE LITTLE TROUBLE WITH THE POLICE.....

IT'S GOT TO STOP, Z-2! THIS GANG IS MAKING THIS DEPARTMENT THE LAUGHING STOCK OF THE SERVICE! THEY MUST BE BROUGHT IN!

IT IS MY BELIEF, SIR, THAT IT ISN'T A GANG BUT ONE OR TWO PERSONS WHO TRAVEL BY PLANE BECAUSE THE THEFTS IN SAN FRANCISCO, ST. LOUIS AND CHICAGO WERE DONE WITHIN THREE DAYS

I HAVE AN IDEA! WHY NOT LOAD BETTY WITH JEWELRY AND LET HER PLAY AROUND THE SWELL HOTELS AND NIGHT CLUBS?

IT MIGHT WORK

THE CHIEF AND Z-2 IN CONFERENCE



BETTY, DAUGHTER OF THE CHIEF WHO SOMETIMES ASSISTS Z-2



SHE REGISTERS AT AN EXPENSIVE HOTEL



Z-2 WATCHES AT THE AIRPORT
FOR SUSPICIOUS CHARACTERS



MEANWHILE BETTY, HEAVILY BEJEWELLED,
VISITS THE VERY SWANK PLACES AND
SHOWS HER JEWELS CONSPICUOUSLY



A WOMAN ENGAGES BETTY IN CONVERSATION



THEY STRIKE UP AN ACQUAINTANCE



AND BETTY ACCEPTS HER INVITATION

A PRIVATE PLANE CIRCLES THE AIRPORT BEFORE LANDING



LANDING, THE LONE PILOT TURNS OVER THE PLANE TO AN ATTENDANT AND DASHES FOR A TAXI



FOLLOW THAT CAB AND DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY FROM YOU!



SUSPICIOUS, Z-2 FOLLOWS THE MAN

HE WAITS IN THE LOBBY OF THE HOTEL WHERE THE SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER CHECKED IN



JOE? I'M ENTERTAINING A GIRL WHO'S SIMPLY LOADED WITH ICE. I'LL BRING HER UP TO THE SUITE AFTER DINNER



BETTY'S DINNER HOSTESS IS CALLED TO THE PHONE

GOOD GIRL!!

MY PLANE IS AT THE AIRPORT. WE'LL DO A COUPLE OF JOBS TONIGHT AND THEN MAKE A GET AWAY



THE MAN WHOM Z-2 FOLLOWED



DRESSED AND GLOATING OVER THE JEWELS THEY LEAVE FOR THE FAMOUS STORM CLUB FOR ANOTHER GEM ROBBERY



HE FINDS BETTY

BETTY!
ARE YOU
HURT?



I'M NOT HURT - I'LL
BE ALRIGHT IN A
MINUTE AND TELL
YOU ALL ABOUT IT



THEY'VE GONE TO A NIGHT CLUB
FOR ANOTHER HAUL BEFORE
THEY LEAVE. THEY MAY BE
BACK ANY MINUTE.



NOT BAD FOR ONE NIGHT!
NOW TO THE AIRPORT
AND A GET AWAY MONEY

THE CROOKS RETURN



NOT SO FAST!
SWEETHEART!



CHIEF MAY I INTRODUCE MR AND MRS
BIG SHOT? AND BY THE WAY DON'T
FORGET TO REFUND \$2.00 TO BETTY
FOR THOSE PASTE GEMS SHE BOUGHT!

AND SO
ANOTHER
CASE IS
SOLVED
BY Z-2

FOLLOW Z-2 IN ANOTHER EPISODE NEXT MONTH

BUCK BURKE

HE GETS
EM ALIVE!

BUCK RISKS HIS LIFE
SNATCHING HIS INTERPRETER
JO JO FROM THE PATH
OF A CHARGING RHINOCEROS



JO JO IS GETTING
SO FAT AND LAZY
HE'S SLOWING UP
THE WHOLE PARTY!
I'M GOING TO
LEAVE HIM IN
CAMP THIS AFTER-
NOON....

AND SO JO JO IS
LEFT IN CAMP -
BUT BURKE IS
SOON DESTINED
TO CHANGE HIS
MIND CONCERNING
JO JO'S USEFULNESS



JO JO GRIEVED
OVER THE
MATTER FOR A TIME,
THEN FELL ASLEEP
UNDER THE SHADE
OF A TREE.....





THE
CUTTING
EYES OF
THE GIANT
PYTHON ARE
FIXED ON
THE
SLEEPER.



SCREENED BY
THE DEEP
SHADOWS OF THE
JUNGLE A
GORILLA IS
WATCHING AND
STALKING THE
PYTHON....



ZZZ-Z

THE SERPENT
BEGINS SWAYING
TO GAIN
MOMENTUM FOR
A TERRIFIC
BLOW....



THE PYTHON IS
SO INTENT ON
ITS PREY THAT
IT FAILS TO SENSE
THE APPROACH
OF THE APE....



BUT THE PYTHON'S
THROAT HAS
ELUDED THE
CRUSHING GRASP
OF THE GORILLA

YOW!



THE
TERRIBLE
COILS ARE
DROPPED
TO ENCIRCLE
THE
PYTHON'S
ASSAILANT



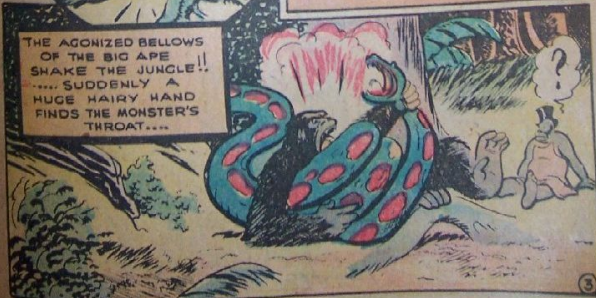
THE GREAT
CONSTRUCTOR
GAINS AN
ADVANTAGE IN
THE DEATH
STRUGGLE....




THE BIG APE
FINDS THE
DEADLY COILS
TIGHTENING
WITH EVERY
GASP!




THE AGONIZED BELLOWS
OF THE BIG APE
SHAKE THE JUNGLE!!
.... SUDDENLY A
HUGE HAIRY HAND
FINDS THE MONSTER'S
THROAT....





WHEW! NEVER
HEARD SUCH A
DIN! MUST
BE AN EARTH-
QUAKE!!




THE DEATH GRIP
OF THE APE CAUSED
THE MIGHTY COILS
TO RELAX...




THE VICTORY WON THE
BIG APE SLIPPED
FROM THE DEADLY
COILS... THEN ESPIED
JO JO AND HEARD THE
TRAMP OF FEET....



IT'S NEAR
CAMP...
HURRY!!



THE GORILLA LIFTS
THE PYTHON HIGH IN
THE AIR AND FLINGS
HIM UPON JO JO



CAMP
OKER!! ..THERES
JO JO PICKING
HIMSELF UP,
....BUT WHAT
CAUSED THAT
DIN?

BURKE AND HIS PARTY OF BEATERS AND SPEAR MEN BURST UPON THE SCENE AFTER THE GORILLA HAD VANISHED.....

WHEW! I DIDN'T KNOW THEY GREW 'EM THAT BIG!!

B'WANA TUMBO!



HE'S ONLY!! STUNNED!! **GRAB HIM!**

IT REQUIRED THE COMBINED EFFORTS OF BURKE AND TWENTY MUSCULAR BLACKS TO SUBDUDE THE PYTHON

GOTCHA!



NICE GOING JOJO....HE'S THE MOST VALUABLE SPECIMEN WE HAVE....

HOW DID YOU GET HIM?

I PULLED HIM OUTA DAT TREE AND STUN HIM WID MY WALKING CANE!!

I'VE HEARD MANY A TALL STORY IN MY TIME BUT THAT'S THE FIRST ONE I EVER SAW PROVED...

AND SO BUCK BURKE GAINS A RARE SPECIMEN. READ ANOTHER OF BUCK'S ADVENTURES IN OUR NEXT ISSUE...



The Flying TRIO

BETWEEN THEM THEY HAVE DOWNED THIRTY OF THE ENEMY BUT THEY ARE NOW GROUNDWOUNDED BY HAVING NO PLANES FIT FOR BATTLE.....



DAY AFTER DAY OF THIS!!
....NOTHIN' EVER HAPPENS!!

UNHAMPERED BY DEFENSE AN ENEMY BOMBER IS DRONING OVERHEAD SEEKING THE NEST OF THE FLYING TRIO....

YOW!!

THERE GOES THE CAMOUFLAGED SHED UNDER THE HILL...THAT MAY NOT FOOL HIM FOR LONG!!



I MUST NOT STAY... IT IS WRITTEN THE FOOLISH EGG HURLS ITSELF AT THE STONE!

THE ENEMY SPOTS THE TINY HANGAR AND DROPS A DEMOLITION BOMB..... THE CONCUSSION HURLS RAY AND MAC TO THE GROUND..



"SING" TAKES TO FOOT!



SING REACHES AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN TO FIND THE GUNNER STUNNED BY CONCUSSION...



THE FIRST SHELL BURSTS DIRECTLY ABOVE THE RAIDER

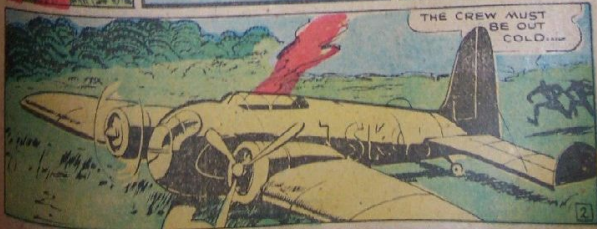
LOOKS LIKE ONE OF OUR GUYS SCORED A DIRECT HIT ON THAT BOMBER!!
... GUESS NOT....




THE BIG BOMBER WITH ONE MOTOR STILL TURNING BEGAN TO SPIRAL DOWNWARD IN SLOW CIRCLES...




NICE GOIN', SING, BUT HOLD IT....WE GOT 'EM WITHOUT ANOTHER SHOT!!
I'VE GOT AN IDEA!!




THE CREW MUST BE OUT COLD...




THE GUNNERS ARE DEAD AND THE PILOT'S OUT COLD HE WAS CLAWING A BROKEN CABLE TRYING TO GAIN ALTITUDE...




EASY WITH HIM!
HE'S A GAME GUY, AND BROUGHT US A SWELL SHIP!!




SOME SHOT, SING!!
YOU HIT EVERYTHING BUT THEIR GAS TANKS!! BUT THERE'S NOTHING WRONG AN HOUR'S WORK WON'T FIX...!!



TIME OUT TO WELD THIS CROSS BRACE AND WE'LL BE ALL SET!!



THE BOYS HAVE A DARING PLAN TO RAID THE ENEMY WITH HIS OWN BOMBER



NOW LISSEN, SING IF WE WAIT TO GET THE MAJOR'S OKEH HE'LL SAY "NO!" ... REGULATIONS ARE VERY STRICT ABOUT OUR OWN PLANES BUT WHEN IT COMES TO ENEMY CRATES THERES NOT A WORD IN THE BOOK!!

BUT RULE BOOK SAY -

FORGET IT!!

WHAT A BREAK!
OUR BOMBS
WILL FIT THEIR
RACKS!!



SOME FUN, EH?
IF YOU'RE SURE
YOU'VE GOT THE
HANG OF THESE
CONTROLS I'LL
GO BACK TO
THE GUNS....



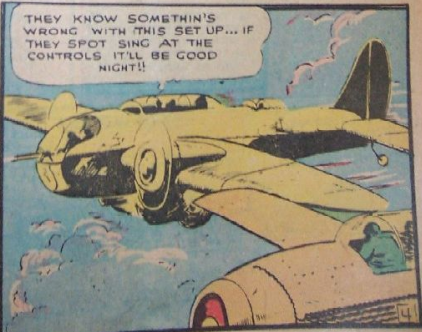
A NEW PERIL... AN
ENEMY PURSUIT
PLANE SWOOPS
DOWN TO ACT AS
CONVOY.....



HOLY CATS!!
HERE COMES
ONE OF THEIR
FIGHTERS TO
SEE US SAFELY
HOME!!



THEY KNOW SOMETHIN'S
WRONG WITH THIS SET UP... IF
THEY SPOT SING AT THE
CONTROLS IT'LL BE GOOD
NIGHT!!



AS THE ENEMY
FLIERS TRAINED
A GUN ON THE
TRIO RAY
RIDDLED THE NOSE
OF THEIR SHIP.....



IN ANOTHER MINUTE
WE'LL BE OVER THEIR
HANGARS..... GET
READY..... !!



DIVING SHARPLY THE
BIG BOMBER
DESTROYED AN ENTIRE
LINE OF PURSUIT PLANES



AS THE GROUND
CREW TROTTED OUT
A DEMOLITION BOMB
HURTLING DOWNWARD
AND STRUCK THE
AIRDROME.....



WE REPAID
THEIR VISIT
WITH SOMETHING
TO SPARE...!!

AND WE'D BETTER
STREAK IT FOR HOME
BEFORE WE WEAR
OUT OUR WELCOME...!



READ THE FURTHER
ADVENTURES OF THE
FLYING TRIO IN THE
NEXT ISSUE OF
CRASH COMICS!



SINGAPORE SALLY

by
Richard Loring

YOU are a brave man, Red Castle," the fat police chief said, grimly. He bit down hard on the stained stub of his cigar. "But you're also an utter fool. You will never even see Singapore Sally, let alone bring her to Justice! Go back to your New York Police Department and admit failure. The Native Quarter of Singapore is an unhealthy spot for a white man at any time. Especially so, in the middle of the night, for an officer hunting 'The Queen of the Quarter!'"

"I appreciate your tenderness for my safety," Red grinned. "But here in the tropics I believe you have a tendency to overestimate the cunning and power of criminals. My department wants Sally for a cold blooded murder she committed on her last visit to New York. They're going to get her!"

Red Castle unhinged his rangy body from the chair and with a cheery "So long!" swung out of the Police Department of the city of Singapore, Siam.

Rumor had it that this Singapore Sally, "The Queen of the Quarter" completely ruled with her shapely, but bloody hands, this entire section of the city. She had gathered about her a gang of cut-throats and murderers who would kill, torture or rob at her whispered command. Many attempts had been made to capture Sally.

With a shrug of his broad shoulders, Red Castle dismissed his temporary fears, shoved through the swinging doors of a disreputable looking cafe. Moving through the smoke-shrouded dimness, he was suddenly confronted by a tall woman.

"Are you looking for somebody special?" she inquired, slitted green eyes studying him, coldly

"Nobody special, sister," Red replied. "I'm just another tourist looking over the sights."

"Don't hand me that, copper. My men tabbed you as a New York snoop the moment you stepped into the Quarter. You're looking for Singapore Sally. . . . Well, here she is! What are you going to do about it?"

The fine red hairs on the back of the detective's scalp bristled.

"I don't know," he said with an easy laugh and started to slide his hand into his gun pocket. "I hadn't counted on bumping into you so quickly."

The next instant Red felt cold steel gouging the back of his neck. The mask-like face of Singapore Sally said:

"The weapon in your pocket will do you no good." She addressed the two pock-marked natives who had silently slid up behind Red:

"Bring him downstairs to my—uh—reception room!"

Following the strikingly tall figure of the most notorious murderess in the Orient, Red Castle was ushered at gun-point through the noisy length of the cabaret. The steel muzzling his neck and back, forced him through heavy drapes and down a steep flight of rickety stairs.

Halfway down, one of the natives stumbled and for a fraction of a second the gun snouts left his body. Red's finely trained muscles and reflexes acted swiftly.

He pivoted, ducked and brought one shoulder up between the legs of the Siamese thug. With a mighty lunge he sent him crashing down the stairs.

Singapore Sally gasped out a piercing scream and instantly footsteps pounded from the head of the stairs.

Fumbling through the blackness, Red felt the hot bite of a knife stabbing his shoulder. His strong hands finally found the other native. He drew back his fist, and — Suddenly lights and stars flashed in blinding spirals before his eyes. He felt himself sinking under a heavy, smothering blanket of blackness!

He struggled to move, learned that he was sitting on a chair, with his hands taped tightly behind it. The murderess he had come to arrest, was standing over him. She was holding a hissing, fiery red poker in one slim hand.

"I'm glad you snapped out of it, copper!" Sally sneered. "Now you can really enjoy our little party! I'm sick of you and your kind continually annoying me, I am going to use you as a lesson to all the police in the world. You shall be sent back to your department, a gibbering idiot! Open your mouth!"

Red shook his head, dizzily, forcing his brain clear, stared at the red-hot iron in the woman's hand.

"Why should I permit you to burn out my tongue with that poker?" he asked calmly.

Singapore Sally shrugged, gave an order in Chinese to a one-eyed native at her right. Instantly, the native reached out and grasped Red's nose between his thumb and forefinger.

Forseeing that they were going to force him to open his mouth to take in breath, Red decided on

a long desperate chance. He was caught, with no chance of outside assistance. There was nothing to lose. Abruptly all his muscles tensed, he kicked back his chair, at the same time grabbed the native in a killing scissor-hold with his legs.

Shots rang out as he went over backward with the native atop of him. He felt slugs thud into the native's body. His taped hands reached back into the blazing brazier that had been used to heat the iron. Fraction of a second later and the tape had burned through. His hands were free.

By this time the whole room was a chaos. Gunshots streaked orange through the darkness of the room. Something hit him from behind. He twisted, lashed out with his fists. Both blows landed solidly against flesh. His eyes followed shadowy forms slithering about the room and the gun in his hand barked several more times until the pin struck an empty chamber. He saw the gleam of eyes coming toward him. Like lightning he hurled the empty revolver straight toward those eyes. There was a scream and the thud of a falling body. Then, without warning the lights flashed on and he turned to find the fat police chief and a troop of native police staring at him.

He wiped blood from his forehead, motioned to the groaning figure of Singapore Sally, on the floor, midst a welter of bodies that had been her assistants. Red grinned and said weakly:

"You're a little late with the rescue, Chief! Us American cops may be a bit foolhardy, but we get our prisoner!"



SHANGRA

WITH JOAN JOYCE and JACK FLYNN REPORTERS

STORY BY NAM CHUNG PO
ILLUSTRATED BY PAGSILANG R. SID

KNOWN ONLY IN UNKNOWN
REGIONS OF TIBETAN
RULES SHANGRA, MASTER
SORCERER, MASTER MIND.
IT HAS BEEN SAID HE IS
THE 17TH SON OF A 17TH SON!
MORE OF HIM IS UNKNOWN.
WHAT WAS KNOWN HAS
BEEN FORGOTTEN, UNTIL
JOAN AND JACK, STAR RE-
PORTERS, ACCIDENTALLY FALL
INTO HIS HANDS, AND AFTER
MANY EXPERIENCES ESCAPE!

WELL JOAN, I DIDN'T
KNOW IF WE WERE EVER
GOING TO GET AWAY
FROM THAT SPOOKY
SHANGRALAND OR
NOT!

LOOKS AS WE
WERE PRETTY
FORTUNATE AT THAT.
THAT LONNA GAL
CERTAINLY HAD
GOO GOO EYES
FOCUSSED ON
YOU!



NOW TO GET
BACK TO A
TELEGRAPH...
THIS WILL MAKE
SOME STORY!

IF WE CAN
MAKE ANYONE
BELIEVE IT!



AND MY FRIENDS DIDN'T THINK
THAT LEAVING SHANGRALAND
WOULD BE AS SIMPLE A MAT-
TER AS JUST FLYING AWAY!

WELL, I'LL
BE!?



I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT
IS, MAYBE BEING WITH-
OUT FOOD ALL THIS TIME,
BUT I IMAGINE I'M SEEING
THINGS AND HEARING
THINGS!

YOU AIN'T SEEING
NOTHING WRONG.
THAT DEVIL HAS
BEEN IN THIS PLANE
ALL THE TIME!



YOU ARE WRONG...
SHANGRA HAS JUST ARRIVED!
IT TOOK ME A LITTLE WHILE
TO LOCATE YOU THROUGH
MY SUPER-DETECTOR
BUT AS SOON AS I FOUND
YOU I JUST WILLED MY-
SELF TO APPEAR HERE.



JUST WILLED YOURSELF TO
APPEAR HERE? SAY WHAT ARE
TRYING TO TELL ME? I'M NOT
CRAZY YET, BUT IF THIS
SORT OF THING KEEPS UP, I'LL
DOUBT MY OWN SANITY!



MY FRIEND, YOU SOME-
HOW DOUBT SHANGRA!
YOU DOUBT HIS POWERS..
AND THE ABILITY TO DO
THINGS AS HE
WISHES!

YOU'RE A CRAZY OLD
LOON... NOW SIT BACK
THERE AND NO MONKEY
BUSINESS OUT OF YOU
OR I'LL COME BACK
THERE AND TIE YOU
UP IN THE STORAGE
COMPARTMENT!

HOLY MACKEREL:
WHAT'VE WE HIT
AN AIR POCKET?

CALL IT THAT IF YOU WILL
BUT SHANGRA CAN
SETTLE THE PLANE
IF YOU ASK!



IT LOOKS AS
IF I HAVE TO
CONVINCE MY DOUBT-
ING TEMPESTUOUS FRIEND
THAT SHANGRA IS NOT JOKING...
THAT YOU WILL HAVE TO BELIEVE
THAT WHAT YOU SEE IS SO,
AND MAKE UP YOUR MIND THAT
YOU MUST BE CONVINCED OF
THE SERIOUSNESS OF MY
PLANS!

BALONEY!



WICKY MAGIC MAN SETTLE THE
PLANE...YOU'VE GOT ME
GROGGY!

HE RAISES HIS ARMS

AND THE PLANE LEVELS OFF

AND NOW I WILL HAVE TO SHOW YOU JUST HOW
SERIOUS I REALLY AM! WE ARE GOING TO
CRASH!

?

?

WHY YOU OLD FOOL WHAT'RE
YOU DOING? WE'RE GOING
TO **CRASH!** HB'S PUT SOME
HOODOO ON THESE CONTROLS
... THEY'RE FROZEN STIFF..
I CAN'T DO A THING!



**WE CRASHED! WHAT IS THIS? AMI
ALIVE OR DEAD?**



3

4

**LET'S GET AWAY FROM HERE!
THAT PLANE IS GOING TO BLOW
UP ANY MINUTE!**



**NOW, MY FRIENDS
YOU MAY ARISE!**



**DO NOT WORRY
ABOUT THAT! SHANGRA
MAKE IT DISAPPEAR!**

4

5

HE JUST MADE IT DISAPPEAR!
QUICK GET ME SOMETHING
OR I'LL FAINT! THIS MAN IS
A DEVIL!



TAKE IT EASY KID! GUESS WE
OUGHT TO BE GLAD WE'RE HERE
AFTER THAT PLANE CRASH! I STILL CAN'T
UNDERSTAND HOW WE LIVED THROUGH
THAT WITHOUT A SCRATCH!



LONNA IS HAPPY TO
SEE EVERY ONE!



NOW WE SHALL TAKE
A SHORT STROLL...
SOON WE SHALL BE!
BACK AT SHANGRALAND!
LONNA WILL BE WAIT-
ING FOR US!

SHE'LL BE
TICKLED TO
DEATH TO
SEE ME!



WHERE DID
THIS THING
COME FROM?
WOW!



LOOKS AS IF THERE ISN'T MUCH
USE GIVING THIS HOCUS-POCUS
GUY ANY KIND OF A FIGHT - HE'S
LIABLE TO MAKE US DISAPPEAR
ALTOGETHER!

I STILL
KEEP
THINKING
THAT
MAYBE
I'M DREAMING



AND THEY ARE OFF

AND THEY RETURN TO
SHANGRALAND



THAT PLANE JUST
DISAPPEARED RIGHT BEFORE
OUR EYES... WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN
TO US NOW?

YES! BUT NOT
BY CHOICE.

WELL, SO MY HANDSOME HERO
HAS RETURNED!

YOUNG AMERICANS
ARE QUITE A
PROBLEM TO
SHANGRA!



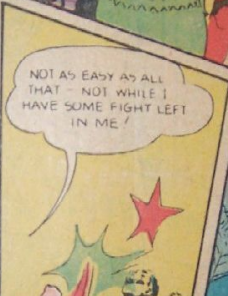
TAKE THOSE FOOLS
AWAY - MAYBE THE
DUNGEON WILL TEACH
THEM NOT TO MAKE
A FOOL OF LONNA!



WHAT DO YOU
WANT WITH US?
WHY DON'T YOU LET
US ALONE - YOU YOU
WITCH!



NOT AS EASY AS ALL
THAT - NOT WHILE I
HAVE SOME FIGHT LEFT
IN ME!



HE IS
FINALLY
SUBDUED





NOW MR. FLYNN... DO NOT EX-
CITE YOURSELF... CALM DOWN
...YOU WILL NEED YOUR STRENGTH
...IT IS DAMP AND COLD HERE.
WITHOUT IT I DOUBT VERY
MUCH, IF YOU CAN SURVIVE,
AND I WOULD LIKE YOU TO
SURVIVE!

WHY YOU!!!



I'VE TOLD YOU REPEATEDLY THAT YOU MUST BELIEVE MOST OF WHAT YOU SEE. IT IS SO!



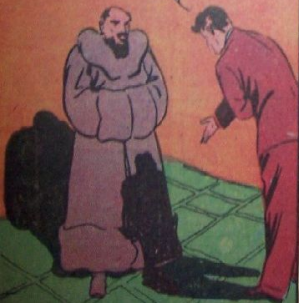
I GUESS IT'S JUST NO USE... I'M LICKED! WHAT'S NEXT? YOU NAME IT... I'LL DO IT!



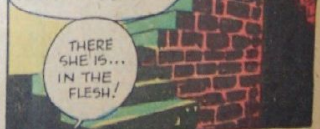
LONNA IS THE ONE YOU WILL HAVE TO ACCOUNT TO... I AM NOT INTERESTED IN PEOPLE THAT WANT TO LEAVE SHANGRA-LAND. I AM ONLY CONCERNED WITH THOSE THAT APPRECIATE IT HERE! THIS IS PARADISE MY BOY--IT IS LONNA WHO WANTS YOU! I AM ONLY CATERING TO HER DESIRES - IT IS HER YOU WILL HAVE TO MAKE A BARGAIN WITH!



TELL HER IMPERIAL HIGHNESS, THAT LOCHINVAR IS READY TO MEET ALL COMERS... CLEOPATRA, THE QUEEN OF SHEBA, AND LONNA - IN FACT IF I AM IN DEMAND AS MUCH AS THAT... **BRING ON YOUR LONNA!**



IF YOU WILL BEHAVE, FREEDOM IS YOURS... THAT IS FREEDOM - FROM THIS DUNGEON!



THERE SHE IS... IN THE FLESH!

OKAY, MISS MAGIE HERE COMES CASA-NOVA!



LONNA, ALTHOUGH ANGRY DECIDES TO GIVE JACK ANOTHER CHANCE TO SEE THINGS HER WAY. SHE IS STILL INTENT ON HAVING HIM AS HER KING. WHAT THE PLANS ARE FOR JOAN WE DO NOT KNOW. HOWEVER, SHE HAS HER SECURELY HIDDEN AWAY AND PROCEEDS WITH HER PLANS FOR JACK.

THEY ARE SAYING
HAIL, THE KING!

WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE
BESIDES BEING A KING
OF HEARTS, I'M KING
OF SHANGRALAND -
WHETHER I LIKE
IT OR NOT!

WE SHALL SEE!

BYONA!

BYONA!

KENNA!

TOWANA
MANA!

WELL
I'LL BE A
MONKEYS
UNCLE!

BYONA!

BYONA!

JACK HAS BEEN PRO-
CLAIMED KING! WHAT
WAS LONNA IN MIND,
WORKING OUT HER
PLANS WITHOUT JACK'S
CONFIRMATION? SEE
THE NEXT ISSUE OF

CRASH COMICS